I have gone a place

  to invent the upturned faces
  in the street light. My father

could yell with the best so they put
him up on The Journal-Courier roof,
megaphoning election results (before TV
of course and much of radio.) History.

Others have I read of, meadows in
England or Russia, mists, the
clasping of lovers, desperate
in period dress;

  scoured depths
  we've felt when a lover
  stormed away. O give

it over all this green
instant for rolling with
the children in a touch
football game, how the grass thrusts

  up your nostrils
  and everyone hysterical,
  over and over now slow-

ing your own motion
for it to linger in the dirt
and funky clothes and human
odors; others piling on.

Our stopping then as one
rising to challenge the dizzy

  world: immediate glee
  transcends all history,

  our glory unfolding forever
  an endless present.